

# **Voices from the Upper Gutter**

*The Early Episodes*

# **Sidney Hipple**

## **The Man Without an Attitude**

**Sidney Hipple's spiritual interest started in the mid-70's. It began with him reading books by Edgar Cayce and other supposed New Age writers of the 70's. Then someone turned him on to a magazine article in High Times on astral projection, focussing on the experiments of Robert Monroe. This out-of-body experience intrigued Sidney. It captivated his thoughts, not as an obsession, but as a practical purpose.**

**His reading accelerated when he moved to Lowell from Egg Village, USA. Sidney Hipple claims to come from Egg Chowder, USA, wherever that may be. People have tried to decipher his origins -- without success. His origins, as with Sidney Hipple himself, is an enigma.**

**An unknown person in Lowell suggested he read the books by Carlos Castaneda and Gurdjieff. He had been going to the Lowell Library and reading books about Buddhism, especially Zen Buddhism and Tibetan Buddhism, and other books about the world's major religions. He enjoyed a couple of things by Krishnamurti. His favorites at that time were: Carlos Castaneda, Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, and of course, Zen, and Tibetan Buddhism. The Greater Vehicle and the Short Path always appealed to Sidney.**

**At one point in the early 80's he attended some introductory meetings of a Boston Gurdieff Society.**

**These people seemed to have something on the ball, like some intellectual savvy, or at least some deep commitment to something. They talked about what Gurdjieff said about people being machines, and it sounded very fascinating and interesting. He went to all three introductory meetings. But the bottom line was: this organization of Gurdjieff's teachings asked for ten percent of your salary, or a hundred dollars a month, whichever was larger. Sidney Hipple couldn't afford that to associate with these muckety-mucks -- as he would find out that's what they were, years later. He drove a cab part-time.**

**Two or three years went by, and Sidney checked out the Society again. He was interested in something to join. Like the rest of humanity, he wanted to be part of something, to be with people who were thoroughly committed to something more than the daily grind of the human meat machine. At the second of these introductory meetings, he saw a flier for another Gurdjieff group. After the last meeting, he went to a meeting of the other group. These people were totally different than the first group. We're going to be getting to the Goldie Locks and the Three Bears situation in a minute here. The first group was so proper, and almost military. You were sure that none of their members smoked cigarettes, drank, cursed, or had any natural deviant side effects from life. The second group -- after the meeting, which was kind of laid back, drank coffee and smoked cigarettes.**

**Sidney had been stopping at Harvard Square at the Seven Stars bookstore, buying various books by Gurdjieff. A clerk at the counter asked if Sidney had ever heard of the Gurdjieff Foundation. Sidney said no. The man said that he would give him the number the next time he came in. Sidney was checking out all possibilities, and when he went to that second meeting of the laid back group, he got the number and called someone, and was asked to call back in two weeks, which he did. He made arrangements to go down and meet this person he'd spoken to on the phone. This would turn out to be the third bowl of porridge.**

**He talked to the person and started to attend meetings. It took him several months, maybe as long as six months, before he ever spoke at a meeting with a remark. These people were pretty hip to something, but appeared as ordinary, likeable people. In his three years of involvement, he would participate in all the workdays, and be at all the meetings. Around that time he purchased a \$200 shitbox, and was driving from Lowell to Milton for the meetings, on workdays and on Saturdays. He was involved, man, he was involved. He participated in the movements, and that was a friggin strain, baby. But something didn't feel right.**

**One day, he saw a brochure at the house that a member in his group, the third group, who lived there, had, about yet another Gurdjieff group. It was a book by Idries Shah. For Sidney, reading Carlos Castaneda was a charm, and he even contact somebody from a magazine -- I thin it was New Age Journal or something -- who was interested in getting together with people who were into Carlos Castaneda. But the reality of finding in that vein was unlikely. Reading the Gurdjieff books was pretty interesting, but by the time he would ever find the inner meaning to the teachings, would be lifetimes away.**

**For some reason he bought a book by Idries Shah, and started reading his books. He still belonged to the Gurdjieff group, but was acquiring insights that were beyond his Gurdjieff grade of being. He eventually found it to be phony to belong to the group any longer, and eventually left.**



**To this day he still enjoys reading books by Idries Shah, and other Sufi publications. Even at the very least, to him they are of nutritional value. Even in an entertaining atmosphere. This was his private life.**

**His public life was driving the cab. Working from five in the afternoon till 11 pm or 2 in the morning, for Broadway Cab. An old guy was known to everybody including the fares as Champ. He was probably at least in his sixties, and French Canadian. He had driven a cab in Lowell for over 45 years, and was now a dispatcher. He had a girlfriend that was 21 years old, and rather portly. Some people do anything for a flesh fix, or even the possibility of getting one. And Champ put up with a lot. She was living with Champ, and at one time wanted her boyfriend on the side to live with them.**

**Champ would confide in Sidney about his personal issues. Sometimes Sidney would get pot to give to Champ for his girlfriend, to make her more responsive to him. Cab drivers are an interesting bunch, let me tell you. Most of them either drink or take drugs, after, or sometimes during work, while driving their cabs. Most of them get paid every day, and live day to day. Some days you have a good day, and may bring home on a Saturday, working at least 10 hours, over seventy or eighty bucks. On a slow day, you might bring home thirty or forty. And the people you pick up are a friggin trip.**

**During the week at night, Sidney would pick up at the bingo parlors. You could always count on a couple of people going to the same part of town. Or you hit the train station when it comes in -- maybe someone's comin' into town. In Lowell they don't have meters in the cabs -- they work within zones. You can't be honest and drive a cab and make any money. Everybody would pick up clips. A clip in when you pick up a fare and you don't tell this dispatcher and you pocket the money. The trouble would be, that you were supposed to be in one part of town, and you were dropping off in another part of town, and they gave you a call for where you were supposed to be. You'd need to know how to do some quick explaining, or get there as fast as you could.**

**A cab driver is a cross between a hooker and a bartender. You got to listen to whatever the person is saying, and be their buddy. Or know to keep quiet, if they don't want to be bothered. But to get that tip, you gotta listen to people's problems, and what's happening to them in their life. A lot of people that took the cab were in that middle to upper gutter range that Sidney at that time apparently was stagnating in. A lot of people that take the cabs, don't have much of a life, or a lot of people really interested in them. But to Sidney, they were the soul of society. Sidney was always for the little guy, anyways. One of the worst injustices he sees in the human society, is when other common or ordinary people are excluded from being included in the human race. If he had one objective in life, it would be to recognize the opportunities in life to make the people who he comes in contact with, who don't feel a part of humanity, feel that they are significant. People live on significance. They wake up for it and have it for breakfast. They talk about it to their friends and their family. They wash it off when they take**

**shower, and it comes out of their ass when they  
shit. In some cases that can be fine. But when you  
look at yourself as being the only significant one --  
and granted, everybody thinks they're the center of  
the universe, and rightfully so --**

**In the past couple of years, Sidney Hipple has  
developed a style of sculpture using materials from  
the ocean and the seashore, mostly vegetation. He  
has called them "Marine Microcosms: the Diogenes  
Series." He is currently doing a lot of online  
painting, which are used for cover art for the songs  
of Lance Gargoyle. Someone turned him on to the  
novels of Charles Bukowski, which he had read a  
little about earlier. Since he like reading  
biographies, he read Bukowski's, and everything  
else he wrote, except fo his poetry. He has decided  
to call his gallery "The Charles Bukowski Memorial  
Online Art Gallery."**

**He no longer drives cabs, but there may be other stories in the future about those days. He works at a wash and fold laundromat in Lowell, his dream job, and is developing, with Lance Gargoyle, the Orchestra of Life, developed from the Orchestra of Sound.**

**Oh, I forgot to mention through all of this. His adventure apparently started in Egg Chowder, USA. When someone told him he resembled a person who was called Lance Gargoyle, who lived in Lowell -- this intrigued him, and he moved to Lowell. It took him years to find Lance Gargoyle, because of Lance's elusive nature. But recently he has found Lance, and they have collaborated on this online experience.**

**But let me leave you with a couple of words from Sidney Hipple: "Nobody wants to feel like a piece of shit. Like nothing they say or nothing they do or nothing they think matters to anyone besides themselves. It doesn't take much to make somebody feel like an active member of the human race. It takes a lot to remember to do it when the opportunity arises."**

## **Lance Gargoyle**

**The Handsomest Monster in the World**

### **1**

**Lance Gargoyle loved music. Even before he learned to play an instrument, he would make tape recordings of other people's music to the taste of the person he was giving it to.**

### **2**

**His mother's side of the family were musical, and played a variety of instruments. His mother was the most natural of them in her generation - she played**

**by ear.**

**3**

**Lance's first beginnings began when he was out of work in 1975.**

**4**

**He walked around town and wrote lyrics in his song book. It started out as "Dead Egg Productions," with songs with titles as obscure as "Dust Diet" (a song about angel dust and loneliness), "Chesty Morgan: Deadly Weapons" (a parody on the fascination of large breasts), "Nymphomania" (something no man could ever get enough of), with lyrics like: "She's waiting / She's moaning / She can't find no more / So it's back to her drawer / To her vibrator for more / NYMPHO-MANIA!!!!!!!!!"**

**5**

**Or "Dust Diet": "I ain't gonna get high no more / My mind's stopped buzzing and I'm dying on the floor / But before I go / I want some more....ANGEL DUST!!! / Yes, I got dusted as you can plainly see / I'd rather have some THC / Controlling me, than angel dust."**



**6**

**Or, from those times, “Tricky Dicky was a fly / He buzzed around and bugged people / Yes I said bugged people! / Flies hang around GARBAGE / And they will infect you and your loved ones / Flies are bad / Flies are bad / We need some fly paper.”**

**7**

**Speaking of angel dust, first you roll it in pin joints, then you roll it in fat joints and only smoke part of it.**

**8**

**Then you're rolling big ones and forgetting to only smoke part of it,**

**9**

**A couple more titles from those days: “Accent: the Stuff You Put on Your Meat,” “I’m Speeding on Spaghetti, ‘Cause I’ve Got Noodles Up My Nose.”**

**10**

**Lance Gargoyle started experimenting with the bass guitar, some regular guitar, a little organ - some of it was simple stuff that he would play, but a lot of it was improvisational and very creative.**

**11**

**He would record himself ad libbing words to a song or reading his lyrics from one of his song books, and play something creative on whichever instrument he was playing.**

**12**

**He even got a couple of his friends one evening to record the lyrics to his songs while he played.**

**13**

**He always recorded himself and had a ton of recordings - eight tracks, the people started to use cassettes, and he started recording on cassette.**

**14**

**He would bring these tapes with him when he hung around with his friends in their cars, and ask them to play the them. It was his method of quality control.**

**15**

**Some things they would like, some things were hard to take.**

**16**

**Some things were just too far out there for anybody  
- even you picked up on a little bit of it, you were  
freaked.**

**17**

**Three or four months had gone by since he had  
originally started playing and recording, when a  
friend asked him to play at his party.**

**18**

**He brought his two bass guitars, his guitar, and two  
drumsticks which he would use on the strings.**

**19**

**It was a Saturday night he would never forget.**

**20**

**He felt awkward but dynamic.**

**21**

**Unsure of himself at times, but invincible at other  
times.**

**22**

**He sang his vocal tunes. He became another  
person. People reacted differently to his lyrical  
compositions. "Dust Diet," "Chesty Morgan: Deadly**

**Weapons," "Nymphomania," "Tricky Dicky was a Fly."**

**23**

**It had not gone over like he planned. When he left, he felt he had let his friends down, and hadn't played well enough.**

**24**

**He hadn't played any of the songs they knew - old or popular songs of the time.**

**25**

**He hardly had any polish or real skill at this point, but his heart was in it.**

**26**

**The next day, he was almost ashamed to show his face around town - feeling the failure that he was, and the humiliation that he would soon encounter. He didn't have a car, and he was hanging around the Gulf station.**

**27**

**Eventually some friends stopped down in their cars, and he got in. Some of them were raving about how**

**unique and original he performance had been.**

**28**

**At that moment he realized two things: that there was hope for his music, and that he would always improve his music for the people who would enjoy it.**

**29**

**Lance would write many more lyrics, and make many more tapes. He hoped to meet Frank Zappa, and had called his record company frequently.**

**30**

**He called so much, the receptionists knew him by name.**

**31**

**He finally got a hold of Frank Zappa's manager, Worm Incoherent.**

**32**

**Being nervous, and stuttering badly, he asked if he could send some of his material - lyrics or tapes - to him for inspection.**

**33**

**Lance had sent things like this in the past, but *supposedly* they had never gotten there.**

**34**

**Worm said to send it registered mail, which Lance did.**

**35**

**This was his big chance to prove that he was a creative individual. A wacky creative individual with potential. He felt that this was his big big BIG chance,**

**36**

**He sent almost all of his existing material: eight tracks, cassettes, four or five song books of lyrics, almost everything that he had created and recorded up to that time.**

**37**

**Lance waited for the reply. It never came.**

**38**

**He called Zappa's office and was told that they couldn't find it, but it must be there somewhere, and they would send it back when it was found.**

**39**

**That never happened.**

**40**

**Lance would find out years later that it was customary for musicians to send short recordings and limited lyrical sheets, if any.**

**41**

**He had lost everything that he had accumulated in his life in music. But he started over.**

**42**

**Then Lance moved to Lowell, and started playing and recording again.**

**43**

**Eventually he learned guitar and some keyboards.**

**44**

**It took him years to recover and start to create lyrics again.**

**45**

**He had become friends with a person called Mike (of “Mike and the Spikes,” the band that broke up because of drug problems).**

**46**

**Another guy he recorded with was Dan Santana - they both would play distortion guitar - Lance called these recordings "The Distortion Brothers."**

**47**

**Another person who comes to mind is Riff Graft - he played guitar and his hands were like two claws - fat hands with short stubby fingers.**

**48**

**He loved wailing lead, and he loved heavy metal, and people like Johnny Winters, and he enjoyed the blues.**

**49**

**He still plays to this day, and his hands are still two claws, two fat claws.**

**50**

**And he's manipulating that whammy bar, stretching that note, bending that note UP, or way down, and scraping those strings, baby.**

**51**

**He knew every fucking chord in the world.**



**52**

**He would sell all his equipment and stop playing (and he always had quality equipment).**

**53**

**Months later, he would buy something else and be playing again.**

**54**

**When Lance first met Quiggly Atoms, it was a musical match made in heaven.**

**55**

**Quiggly, with his polished chords and lead from years of playing and performing with bands. They hit it off right from the first moment they played together.**

**56**

**They became lifelong friends. There's so much to say about him, we're going to have to save most of it for another time.**

**57**

**Lance and Quiggly became big fans of each other's music.**

**58**

**Besides being musically courageous, competent, and masterful, Quiggly was also an exceptional artist and creator of painted plexiglass squeeze-together art work.**

**59**

**And he had great hand writing, and he's not balding in the least.**

**60**

**Quiggly never lost his sense of humor, or his genuine interest in life.**

**61**

**Another person who would become a good friend of Lance's was Dave Id. He was into hard-core industrial music, the Rolling Stones, and very avant garde music.**

**62**

**He would become a lifelong member of Lance's quality control team.**

**63**

**Some of Dave's music was a little too much for**

**Lance, but he loved some of it.**

**64**

**Dave Id had a brother named Edward Id. Actually Lance had met Ed Id first, where he worked at the hospital.**

**65**

**Ed Id was even wackier and wilder than Lance. They became fast friends.**

**66**

**Years later, Dave Id, Ed Id, Lance, and a friend of his nicknamed “the Panty Man” John Dressell, would record the Panty Man doing his rantings while on alcohol.**

**67**

**John, or the Panty Man as he was called among Lance’s friends, was from Baltimore, and used to sleep in the graveyard when he got drunk.**

**68**

**In Baltimore, if you crashed in a good part of town when you were drunk, they’d put you in jail for a couple of weeks.**

**69**

**If you crashed in a bad part of town, you might get your throat sliced.**

**70**

**He learned to sleep in the graveyard - it was always quiet and safe for him.**

**71**

**The Panty Man was a valued friend of Lance's when he first moved to Lowell. Lance was working but was always broke.**

**72**

**John would go on the street and in the bars, for Lance, selling anything Lance had, to get a couple of bucks - a hot plate, a toaster oven, even an old guitar.**

**73**

**Sometimes Lance would have pot, and roll some joints up for John to sell. A buck apiece, or six for five.**

**74**

**He would usually give John ten joints, and tell him**

**that he only wanted five or six dollars. John could sell the other joints or smoke them.**

**75**

**Some days John was unsuccessful, but would stop back every hour to give Lance a progress report.**

**76**

**The Panty Man had no shame about approaching people to sell his wares. He'd go into the bars -- Blackie's, McCullough's, the Copper Kettle.**

**77**

**He'd approach people on the street, anybody who he thought would be interested in buying what he had.**

**78**

**The Panty Man had a fantasy and an obsession of meeting and marrying Marie Osmond.**

**79**

**She was a Mormon, and he was willing to become a Mormon.**

**80**

**Somebody tried to get him into the Jehovah's**

**Witnesses, and as normal as he could appear at times, his inner self and abnormalities would come to the surface, and even the Jehovah's Witnesses would be taken aback.**

**81**

**As wacky as he was, they let him in the Army Reserves, until he got even too wacky for them.**

**82**

**When he got drunk, it was almost like he was possessed by demons, talking in different voices.**

**83**

**But most of the time, he was okay and perfectly sociable.**

**84**

**He was a veteran and was on social security, but after he paid his rent, if he paid his rent, he would be penniless two weeks after getting his check. He'd be extravagant at the first of the month when his check came in, buying a new TV for seventy dollars, selling it in a couple of weeks for fifteen, maybe twenty.**

**85**

**He scared the fuck out of you if you looked at him, and you didn't know him, because you didn't know what the fuck he was thinking. But he had a good heart, and was never purposely evil.**

**86**

**The year was 1981. Lance had an Arp Axxe, an amp, had had a couple of guitars, and was feeling confident.**

**87**

**Riff Graft told him about a talent show at a club called The Front Page that happened every Tuesday night - he should check it out and maybe play. Was the world ready for Lance Gargoyle yet?**

**88**

**He had played for friends, he had had sung to a record at the famous Commodore Club on the disco open mike night. But not in front of strangers in a real club atmosphere.**

**89**

**The owner's name was Walter, and he was a kind of fat guy. He liked having blues bands play there, and loved to come on stage with the bands. He used to**

make cracks like, “I haven’t seen my belly button in over fourteen years” or “When I take a shower, my feet don’t get wet.” Anyways, he was the owner, and he had a talent show every Tuesday night.

90

It was his way to get people into his club, and free entertainment on a Tuesday night.

91

Lance went there, and performed the first night he went. Walter had a cheap PA with a microphone that always shocked you. Lance played his distortion guitar, and his on the spot ad lib improvisational lyrics. Lance never thought his music was weird or strange before. People at the club found it *unusual*, but saw that Lance was into it. He never recorded that first night, which would be one of his best performances.

92

He would go there almost every week. The emcee would not always give Lance a lot of time. Lance was out there. Eventually he bought a drum machine, played his songs with his Arp Axxe, and



**the lyrics would be set. This new era would create the songs that would make Lance Gargoyle the monster he is today - songs like "Monster Rock," "S.P." (short for "Stale Pussy," a crowd favorite), "Them," and "Mole People."**

**93**

**Lance would sometimes jam with his friends, but basically became primarily a one-man band.**

**94**

**He had a practice room at the Rialto for a while, where he would jam with a drummer he met named Dave Duck. He was the best drummer, the most natural drummer, that Lance would ever jam with.**

**95**

**For years, Lance had been recording abstract experimental music, multilayered or multitracked compositions using various percussion sounds including octave oatmeal boxes, glass and wood. He was as much an experimenter in sound as he was a musician.**

**96**

**Eventually he got a small Casio keyboard and would**

**play along with it on guitar, lead of course, and because the melody and bass line and drums were built in, Lance could sing his lyrical compositions and create new ones more easily.**

**97**

**Years later he got a gig at The Downtown on Halloween. His Halloween show at the old Front Page was the best he ever had, and it would always be his favorite night of performing.**

**98**

**At the Downtown they only had blues, and it took Lance a year of going there before he could get the gig on Halloween. The owner, Speakeasy Pete, didn't think that Lance could draw much of a crowd. Lance got his best buddy, Quiggly Atoms, to play guitar, and got a friend of theirs, Juan Wishwell, to play bass and program the drum machine and synthesizers to Lance's monster songs.**

**99**

**They rehearsed a number of times.**

**100**

**The night arrived. It was Halloween. Dave and Ed Id opened the evening with Lance doing an industrial piece.**

**101**

**Then Lance did a couple of songs with his Casio.**

**102**

**Then the band came on: Quiggly, Juan, and Lance. Quiggly and Juan knew a shit load of musicians and friends, and Lance knew a couple too. The place was fucking crowded by the time they went on. It was a roaring success.**

**103**

**At the end of the night, the tables were filled with empty beer bottles. Lance had had his night, and had finally made his mark in Lowell. But this was only the beginning.**

**Here are some of Lance's lyrical favorites that made him the monster he is today:**

## **Lotta Gue**

**Never was Meant for the Gutter**

**1**

**When her family lost their money, she was thirteen. She had to move into the projects. A new lifestyle, all new friends. Food stamps, behind on the rent, eating toast three days a week. The only time her parents had money was at the first of the month when her mother got her welfare check.**

**2**

**Her father Stanley went into a mental institution after he lost his business. At home he was a turnip -- watching television, drinking Kool Aid, and eating Fritos. He never worked again.**

**3**

**Lotta became the girl who she used to tease, who smelled because she didn't bathe regularly, who**

**never had money for lunch.**

**4**

**Lotta was ashamed when her mother would shop with her at the Salvation Army. She hated wearing other people's clothes. The only time she felt like she was herself was when she was naked.**

**5**

**At least the incest with her mother's brother stopped, after more than seven years. He would come around, but he never had the opportunity.**

**6**

**This is when Joey would show up. Joey was her other self. Her mother thought she was only being a tomboy, but it was more than that. It was like a demon had possessed her. The anger and hell that was raging inside of her needed to have a release. What was that release? Heroin and shoplifting.**

**7**

**Lotta hung around with Louie from the junk yard. His hands were never clean. She always had grease on her panties - hard to sell them babies nowadays. Even after he took a shower, his hands were rough**

**and shadowed with black in the cracks. Lotta would only see him when she needed money. Everything had a purpose. If it didn't have a purpose, Lotta didn't do it. She wanted something. If you didn't have it, she'd find another way to get it when she was Joey.**

**8**

**The softer side of Lotta. The side she put up for her mother and her father and the few people she cared about. She had a soft spot for people with disabilities.**

**9**

**She didn't take them in, but she recognized their existence and made them feel as if they were truly part of humanity. She worked at a nursing home and was doing good when she was sixteen, and bringing money home to help her mother.**

**10**

**She had forgotten about Joey, and Joey had evidently forgotten about her.**

**11**

**She felt for the old people that were in the nursing**

**home. She'll never forget the day she came to work and a patient she had become fond of had died and was no longer there. That emptiness was an ugliness that would have normally been too much for her to handle, and prompted Joey to come out.**

**12**

**But Joey didn't come out! She had gained the strength from kindness that she had seen, that had been shown to her by the staff of the nursing home, who loved her.**

**13**

**Louie, who had been out of her life, came back into her life, wanting a favor. She had learned to be in a safe, constructive environment. Louie had her steal a doctor's script pad, and forge prescriptions for speed.**

**14**

**Now she was taking speed with Louie. Eventually they got caught and she lost her job. She was seventeen.**

**15**

**She went back to shoplifting and heroin,**

**16**

**She eventually went back to Framingham Women's  
Prison.**



# **Snookie Lumps**

Just Needed a Friend

## **1**

**Snooky Lumps, left hand girl, with a bend in it, the nutsiest part of every woman you've ever known.**

## **2**

**She met Lotta Gue in prison when she got sentenced for stealing physicians' scripts.**

**Lotta Gue and Snookie Lumps were not Lesbians when they met, but spending time together in jail and developing a strong bond and safety with each other gave them the comfort to reveal their inner selves to each other. Eventually they would become carpet munchers. They called themselves the Donut Bumpers in prison.**

## **3**

**Snookie Lumps' real name was Debbie DuBras. She was a very small-breasted woman who had had to endure two alcoholic step-fathers and an alcoholic mother. Her mother also had a history of severe**

**depression. So Snookie Lumps wasn't coming from the best gene pool.**

**4**

**He father was successful, but had developed a new life and a new family.**

**When she was fourteen, she started to run away from home—staying out all night, taking speed. Speed was her main drug of choice, and she chain smoked and was constantly drinking black coffee. Her nerves were on fire.**

**5**

**She had a brother named Gene, who started to get involved in selling drugs early and moved away from home.**

**6**

**At sixteen Snookie Lumps was put in a foster home with a family named McHenry. They had three children of their own, and three other foster children.**

**7**

**That's where Snookie Lumps met her husband Larry. She got pregnant. They got married. He was**

**always robbing places. He got caught and went to jail.**

**8**

**After a while she started to hang out on the streets again, leaving her child Larry Jr. at home with her foster parents, who eventually would bring up Larry Jr.**

**9**

**Snookie was so wired and so rebellious and so uncontrollable, she never came home. She got arrested buying some coke. She had become a streetwalker, and now was shooting cocaine. This is where she met Lotta. They both needed somebody to trust.**

**10**

**Lotta Gue got out of jail after six months and went home to live with her parents. Her father had really hit rock bottom. He had been taking the anti-depressant Haldol, and a pill called Cogentin to make the side effects from the Haldol wear off. He wasn't taking the Haldol, he was just taking the Cogentin**

**11**

**He took Cogentin - three times the dosage, which made him feel that he was racing at four hundred miles an hour inside, but feeling motionless. A psychiatric zombie of his own making. This drove Lotta's mother to drink.**

**12**

**Now Lotta was living back at home. Her parents never mentioned the incident that put her in jail. As fucked up as they were, they still tried to be supportive and optimistic.**

**13**

**They were, until Snookie Lumps got out of jail and moved in with Lotta.**

**14**

**Lotta and Snookie would go out for a loaf of bread and come back eight hours later. They would hang around the streets of Lowell and hook. The main pick-up line they used standing on the corner was: "Goin' out? Wanna date?" Cars would drive around the loop until they finally stopped.**

**15**

**Twenty bucks for upstairs, forty bucks for downstairs. They'd work a couple of tricks, get up forty or fifty dollars, and cop some brain oil. (Brain oil is any drug that makes you feel better - of course all drugs make you feel better, or you wouldn't take them.)**

**16**

**The customers were called dates. Sometimes the customers would fall in love with Lotta, who had a more feminine side. Snookie was a bull dyke. She didn't pull the strings, but she had her fingers in the pie.**

**17**

**Sometimes they would talk about their dream date—a man who would let them live with him—he would buy their drugs, and they would occasionally service him. Like a sugar daddy. But most of the men fell in love with Lotta, and Snookie Lumps was always in the picture. They would never let on that they were lovers—this would threaten the date's security.**

**18**

**Now they were getting out of control. They never went home. They crashed at other people's houses. Sometimes they were really coke whores, living on the edge, a razor's edge, a fine line between insanity and sanity, no stops at the border. Just a clear clean run into oblivion. That way they could forget about their pain.**

**19**

**Snookie Lumps would think of her son, and want to be with him, but she was always fucked up, and her son made Lotta feel a little insecure.**

**20**

**One night they were crashing at a dealer's apartment. They had been up for over four days. They took some ludes and they were out like a light. A friend of the dealer's was there too. He slit his wrists vertically and horizontally up both arms three times. He would have died, but the neighbors heard him banging his head against the wall. The cops kicked the door open, saw the suicide attempt, and called an ambulance. Nobody in the house had heard him. The first person who woke up when the**

**cops broke down the door was the dealer, who dumped his stash of coke into a bucket of acid.**

**21**

**The cops knew what was going on. They woke up Lotta and Snookie and ran them for warrants. Snookie had a warrant issued by her parole officer for skipping a probation appointment. Snookie Lumps went to jail, and you know where Lotta went? To heroin and crime.**

**22**

**Lotta Gue would soon end up in Framingham Women's Prison too.**

# **Mr. Tony D'Wonderful**

Looking for a Flesh Fix

## **1**

**Tony D'Wonderful met Lotta Gue when she was working the streets. He lived in the neighborhood, and fell in love with her. Snookie Lumps wasn't around to give her that comfort she needed.**

## **2**

**Tony was a lonely fuck, with a lot of heart and sincerity. His rooming house was in the middle of the Zone, 231 Appleton Street. He lived on the third floor. He had no sink, and roof outside his only window where he sat out to view the action below. He saw the cars driving around, and the women working the streets.**

## **3**

**He was twenty-eight, and still had not experienced any sexual contact of any kind. After he was twenty-one, he wasn't going to waste it on just anyone.**



**Maybe Fate was telling him that one of these girls would be an unlikely but likely first sexual experience.**

**4**

**He started to sit on his front steps and hang out with the girls working the street. He would let them use the bathroom in the hallway to pee, but they were really shooting up coke, or heroin in Lotta's case. But Lotta was doing coke and heroin—the coke reminded her of Snookie Lumps, who she would write to at least four times a week.**

**5**

**Lotta gave Tony that look, that look that said, "You're a part of this fucking human race." Or, "Maybe I can get some mileage out of him." Tony felt as if he was a friend of Lotta's. They had never gone out on a "date" or even spent any time together. Tony saw the hungry feeling that Lotta had inside. Maybe that hungry feeling was for him.**

**6**

**Tony saw the goodness, sincerity, and genuineness in Lotta Gue. He was looking into her Human**

**Factor. Tony had this ability, it seemed, to take away a person's human sufferings and take them onto himself. He ended up doing this with Lotta. She had too much pain even for Tony to endure, but her suffering was somewhat relieved.**

**7**

**It was a Sunday night. Tony was out on the front steps again. He hadn't seen Lotta in over a week. One thing about street walkers, every time you saw them, you never knew if you would see them again. This made Tony cram a lifetime into a moment whenever he saw Lotta.**

**8**

**Lotta came around. Tony was in heaven, but couldn't show it. She would go to the corner, a car would stop, and she would get in. Tony would see it, and wait for her to come back around. She went in and used the bathroom a lot that night. She was thinking about Snookie and the pain the life had inflicted on her. Lotta saw Tony as a good guy, a guy who didn't take drugs and who didn't appear to go out with the girls. Couldn't hurt to have another**

**friend...**

**9**

**It was two o'clock in the morning. Lotta Gue came by one more time. Tony was rambling a mile a minute, trying to keep Lotta's attention. Lotta said, "I hate to cut you short, but I gotta crash." Tony said, "You can crash at my place." Lotta said, "I have a place in Lawrence to crash. It's better to crash there, because I have errands to do there in the morning." Tony had an empty feeling inside. Would he ever get a chance to spend time with Lotta? Was she the woman who would relieve him of his virginity once and for all?**

**Tony had that ugly feeling in his gut, that feeling that he got when he took on other people's woes, making him feel even more empty than before. Lotta saw this, and felt bad for Tony and said to him, "I'll be around next week—maybe we can go out and do something." A care came up, and Lotta got in. Tony went back to his room.**

**10**

**A week later Tony found out that Lotta was in jail.**

**He had to be friendly with some of the rather unsavory street walkers. He finally got her full name and where to write her in Framingham.**

## **11**

**It felt that Tony had already taken on the majority of Lotta's suffering. He wrote her a letter telling her of the goodness and genuineness that he saw in her. He never knew if he would get a reply. But he did after a week. It was the most wonderful letter with the most graceful handwriting. They would write each other and tell about their lives, their hopes and dreams, the agony that life had issued them. But Tony would never have sex with Lotta. They wrote back and forth for a year.**

## **12**

**Here are some of the poems Lotta wrote to Tony during her time in jail:**

### **Thoughts of You**

**Thinking of the friend you were...**

**And how you become, so much more  
The letters, the poems, the smiles you sent...  
Somehow to my heart they all went**

**And when I'm sad and feeling low...  
I think of you, and my heart will glow.**

**Burning like a candle bright...  
With you I feel I've won the fight**

**I found it all.. when I found you,  
You make me feel like someone new**

**My Depression**  
**Slipping away, away from me... Somewhere in my  
memory**  
**To a place that's oh so sad.. Everything there's oh  
so bad**  
**I'm somewhere else inside my mind...**

**I've left the world far behind  
All alone, scared to death... I start to take deep  
deep breaths  
I try to run, I try to hide... from the nightmare I live  
inside  
I call out, but no one hears... sometimes I think no  
one cares  
I reach for you, please grasp my hand...  
Take me from never, never land.  
Bring me back where I want to be... to you and I in  
reality.**

**My Body  
My body is listening,  
My soul searching for the  
Presence of you, like antennas  
Reaching out grasping for you,  
To take in your essence, your emotions your  
thoughts  
You are speaking, my body is listening**

## **Testing My Heart**

**It's easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows on like a song  
But the one worthwhile, is the one who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong...  
For the test of the heart is trouble  
And it always comes with years  
And the smile that is worth the praise of the earth  
Is the smile that comes through tears.**

## **The Essence of Me**

**We've enjoyed our love so long  
Our souls have come so close  
That I keep the essence of you  
As you keep mine.**

**If you deny my presence in your life,  
It would be enough to embrace you and talk  
I give you so much life, that now you must possess  
The essence of me.**

**I make no attempt to be your master  
I'm nothing, there's no vanity in me  
I give you only what's good in me  
I'm so poor, what else can I give?**

### **Dreams of Sand**

**Here in my room, all by myself...  
Wishing I were somewhere else...  
Thoughts are drifting like clouds afloat...  
to a deep blue ocean on a dreamy boat  
Seeing faces come and go, of people and places  
I just don't know...  
Listening for laughter that isn't there...**



**Make believe visions that disappear...**

**I open my eyes, I'm forced to land, and I'm all alone**

**With my dreams of sand**

**Suspended**

**Suspended in time and space**

**My love it seems goes to waste**

**My smiles, my tears, my joy, my pain, all let out, but  
all in vain**

**I call to you, you do not hear, my state of mine you  
cannot share**

**I'm all alone with what I feel, in this tiny room, it's  
a big deal**

**My emotions are here, alive and real, the strength  
from within will help me deal**

**Do You?**

**Do you lie awake and think of me, as I think of you?**

**Do you ever really wonder exactly what I do?  
Do you call my name and reach for me deep in the  
night?  
Do you long to hold me close and make it feel so  
right?  
Do you weep silent tears, as I do for you?  
Do you think of me as often as I think of you?**

**13**

**Lotta caused trouble in jail and got her sentence  
extended.**

**14**

**Tony had purchased a car to drive to Framingham  
to visit Lotta. Tony was occasionally sending her  
money, even clothing.**

**15**

**One day Lotta was finally to get out of the big  
house. Tony went to pick her up. He was told she  
got out the day before. He had no way of finding  
her. Tony drove all the way home empty and alone.  
He felt rejected. He felt used. He raged inside like**

**he had never raged before. He was about to explode by the time he got home. He had told his friends and family about Lotta, and now he looked like a fool. It would be years before he would be able to live this down.**

**16**

**Tony survived and would eventually lose his virginity a few years later with a person who really wanted to be with him.**

**17**

**Tony wears his heart on his sleeve. Tony is an easy touch. Tony is centered in his emotions. He's up, he's down, he's over there, sometimes he doesn't know where he is. Don't get him when he's feeling sad, he'll talk your ear off.**

**18**

**He wanted to be a lounge singer, but that era was over, for him anyway. He was no Robert Goulet or Wayne Newton. He was just Tony D'Wonderful.**

**19**

**Lotta Gue would go on to transform herself into a Mussolini-style feminist unrecognizable even to**

**Tony.**

